

# I Just Wanna Party (feat. ScHoolboy Q & Jay Rock)

YG

Mama ain't raised no fool  
Daddy told me never leave the house without my tool  
Grandpa told me never trust a sucka nigga from the street  
Grandma said she love me and she always praying for me  
But I just wanna party, I don't wanna hurt nobody  
I just wanna party, I don't wanna hurt nobody  
I just wanna party, I don't wanna hurt nobody  
But I'll beat the fuck out of a nigga I'm drunk off Hennessy  
Hope I don't run into my enemies  
That dark lick will give you energy  
Now I ain't rich, but I'm finna be  
Your baby mama's a flip, she wanna hit a G  
I'm back on that bullshit  
But she ain't fucking and that's bullshit  
I can't die, I got too much to live for  
I'm getting money, that's what niggas rob and kill for  
Fucking with Tenisha and Keisha  
But when Keisha see Tenisha she gon' whoop her ass  
All my homies gangbangers  
They dry their clothes on hangers  
All these hoes fucking, but they don't wanna seem like a ho  
So you gotta hit 'em on the low (hit em' on the D-Low!)  
West side, different money game  
Socked the mouth for tripping, he lost his watch and earrings Nigga, I'm from Hoover Street  
Dirty pictures in my cellphone  
On 52nd street I'm well-known  
Hoover stomp until the cops come  
Silver satin get the job done  
Money ain't everything, but still I'm rich  
Money ain't everything, I'm still gon' crip  
From Figueroa to [?] where we sock on lips  
We break on jaws, niggas since VCR's, nigga  
We hope out cars, nigga  
I be groovin' till I die  
Smokin' weed until I'm fried  
I could sell a key to God  
Pants saggin' with the Glock  
I ain't wanna pick the box  
All my homies gangbangers  
We keep a thumb between our two fingers

We trippin' off the Henny  
So don't let me catch you slippin' in the 50's, RickyNigga, I'm from Bounty Hunters, East Side  
lunatic

Gang bang, slap a bitch  
I ain't with the extras, I ain't got a stunt double  
You ain't got no hands so they might let the gun touch you  
Is you banging or you balling, nigga?  
You a fax machine, we can't call it, nigga  
Everybody ain't a friend, reason why I keep a fo'  
You wanna gamble with your life, bet that on the tender-fold, nigga  
She bouncing that ass, go ahead shake it  
And if she give me that back, bitch, I'mma break it  
Shit, that pussy is overrated, some niggas'll chase it  
She acting like she be nutting, some bitches are faking  
You fighting to save many souls, know that you losing  
These bitches the reason why some niggas be snoozing  
YG, dawg, you heard how they left his brains hanging?  
Shouldn't have chunked his fingers up if he ain't banging  
I'm ashamed

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>